

TO AMERICAN HEROES

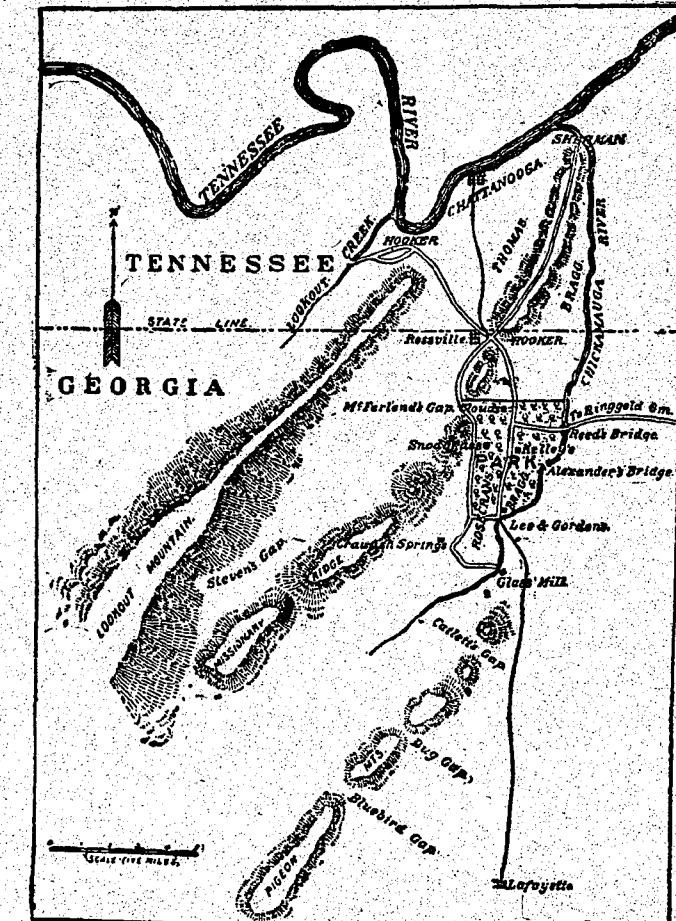
DEDICATION OF MONUMENTS  
ON CHICKAMAUGA'S FIELD.

Most Brilliant and Stirring Demonstration of Patriotism Since the Civil War—South Wild with Enthusiasm—Park Has No Counterpart.

After Thirty-Two Years. Patriotism and pleasure held sway in the South. From the Grand Army encampment at Louisville to the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park was a solid streak of red, white and blue. Everywhere along the route the hundreds of thousands of people joined the scores of thousands of visitors in one grand burst of patriotic enthusiasm. Chattanooga, the pretty little Southern Tennessee city, caught the spirit, and for the five days devoted to the dedicatory exercises on the famous field of Chickamauga she was gay with flowers and bunting.

The South and its people turned every thing loose and went in for a series of patriotic and frenzied with the dual desire to celebrate the dedication and to honor the stars and stripes. In short, it was a holiday for all the people and they went into it with an enthusiasm that insured great enjoyment.

But the exercises were not without a serious side. The dedication of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Military Park upon the thirty-second anniversary of the battle of Chickamauga, and the accompanying State and society celebrations



MAP OF CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA NATIONAL PARK.

constitute the most brilliant and stirring demonstration and patriotic demonstration the country has seen since the civil war. It took place by an act of Congress, and under the direction of Government officials. It was national in character, and included both Union and Confederate characters and organizations. Its object is the fostering of friendly and reunion sentiments. The patriotism of the nation was assembled on two adjacent battlefields, one of which saw a victory for the Confederates, and the other a victory for the Union arms.

As the dedication was a national event and as the ceremonies and proceedings were under the immediate direction of Secretary of War Lamont nearly every prominent official of the United States Government and of the different States were present. Among them were the Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Vice President and twenty United States Senators, the Speaker of the House and thirty Representatives, Lieut. Gen. Schofield and Maj. Gen. Miles, accompanied by a large body of regular troops and Admiral Gherardi and Admiral Walker, of the United States Navy.

There was a large attendance of patriotic military organizations, some of which purposedly arranged to hold their regular annual celebration at the same time and place as the dedication exercises. First among these was the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, which celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. The Army of the Cumberland entertained as its special guests at Chattanooga the Society of the Army of the Tennessee,



ONE OF THE EIGHT SHELL MONUMENTS MARKING THE SPOT WHERE BRIGADE COMMANDERS WERE KILLED: CHICKAMAUGA.

which held its twenty-seventh annual reunion Sept. 16 and 17, at Cincinnati.

The Confederate Society of the Army of the Tennessee was also present in force, a large delegation went from the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Louisville. It is estimated that 70 per cent. of the veterans found their way to Chattanooga. There was also a large attendance of the Sons of Veterans, Gen. W. S. Rosecrans was ill in California, and sent word that he could not come. Gen. James Longstreet, of the Confederate army, attended upon condition that he be not asked to participate in the exercises. He was accompanied

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ATLANTA'S BIG SHOW.

MARVELOUS BEAUTY OF THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

Its Future Now Depends Upon the Public—President Cleveland Touched the Button to Put the Wheels in Motion—A Superb Exhibition.



OBSERVATORY TOWER, CHICKAMAUGA.

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O. PALMER, Publisher.  
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

## DIRE EDICT OF DEATH

### IMPERIAL ORDERS TO MURDER CHRISTIANS.

Alarming Mortality Among Chicago Children—Relief from the Period of Awful Heat—Tobacco Manufacturers Fight Has Cost Over a Million.

Christians Fiercely Condemned.

The London Times prints a dispatch from Hong Kong which says that at the annual examinations in Canton thousands of students were given copies of an imperial decree, in which the doctrines of the Christians were fiercely condemned. The decree uses the following language: "A stupid, black-haired race is establishing absurd sects, and they regard their own lives, but pretend to live again as immortals in the world. Their acts and shameless chastity, behave like obscene birds and beasts. Patchwork Confucians must shoot and stone and beat them without mercy. I, the Emperor, command the authorities to eradicate these weeds and vermin. Kill the serpents. Throw them to the wolves and tigers, because there is no salvation for them either against heaven-sent calamities or misfortunes caused by human agencies."

### TRADE OF THE WEEK.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Review of Principal Markets.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "The spite of gold exports wheat ahead for some days, in all nearly 2 cents, mainly because a single speculator bought. Corn rose and fell in sympathy with as little reason. Good reports of foreign crops, weakness of flour in Minnesota, and large exports of corn from this country all work against a rise in wheat, though scarcity of contract grades may help a speculative advance. Pork products have been reasonably yielding with prospects of a large crop, but before the close had a stronger tone. The cotton market, lifting and falling a fraction each day alternately, shows no settled tendency. The surprising increase in production and advance in prices of iron seem to be bringing a natural check, as prices have gone so high as to cause some purchases from Europe, both of pig and finished products, and have also caused a distinct shrinkage in home demand."

### TRADE LOSS \$1,000,000.

The Tobacco Manufacturers Have Squandered a Fortune.

More than one million of dollars has been given away by the manufacturers of plug tobacco in the United States during the past three months. This amount will furnish some idea of the magnitude of the losses suffered by the warring factions of the tobacco trade since they began to fight. The retail tobacco dealers have received the principal benefits from this princely gift, which has resulted from nothing else than the sharp competition between the American Tobacco Company, commonly known as the trust, and the fifteen or twenty independent manufacturers who met in New York recently, decided to see the trust in its cut in the price of plug tobacco and to go it one better by making cigarettes.

### BABIES DIE BY SCORES.

Forty-seven Deaths of Chicago Infants in One Day.

Ravages of the hot wave that submerged Chicago were most frightful among young children. Forty-seven deaths of children under the age of one were reported Friday. The total number of deaths for the same time was seventy-three. From these figures it appears that the ratio of mortality among little children reached the startling figure of over 65 per cent. of the whole number. Twenty-nine of the deaths were among babies less than a year old. It was inevitable that the death rate among babies should be excessively high for several days after.

### MANY NEGROES POISONED.

Pies Baked in Tin Plates Work Havoc at a Camp Meeting.

The negroes of the Oak Grove settlement, near Camilla, Ga., assembled at their church to spend a day in religious worship. Each of the families carried a basket, and dinner was spread for all who would partake. Before the meal was over several left the table on account of violent sickness. Forty-one in all were poisoned, and six have died, with the chances against several more. It is thought that pies baked in tin plates two days before caused the poisoning.

### ON THE GRIDIRON.

Awful Scorching Which Old Sol Gave the Northwest.

Three deaths from heat were reported at Chicago Friday and several prostrations. The wave was one of terrific heat throughout all the middle Northwest, at the same time snow was falling in Montana. In the corn belt ripening progressed phenomenally rapid; but pastures and stock suffered.

### Collided with a Whale.

The steamer schooner Sunoh, which left San Francisco for Oregon ports, returned for repairs. After leaving port she collided with a sixty-foot whale. The Leviathan's tail got tangled up with the propeller, breaking the blades and leaving the vessel in an almost disabled condition.

### Roved Out to Death.

At Chicago, Sunday night, Robert Becker, Otto Schweizer, Arthur Huber, William Elliott and Geo. Endel, the two latter boys, were drowned while bathing.

### Gale Ends the Heat.

The extreme heat which for two weeks had scorched a wide area was dispelled Sunday night by a gale which swooped out of the West. The change was phenomenal. Within an hour the mercury dropped from 90 degrees to 70. By morning it registered 62°.

### Fatal Boiler Explosion.

A defective boiler used in the drilling of wells at Montgomery County, Indiana, six miles west of Dayton, Ohio, exploded, killing two inmates and seriously injuring three others.

### Death from a Fly Bite.

Judge Solomon Setra, accused at Managua, Nicaragua, of having accepted a bribe to decide a case in favor of one of the parties in a suit which he was trying, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the canal and loss of position.

### Overturf Is Indicted.

John W. Overturf, president of the defunct Citizens' Savings Bank, Portsmouth, Ohio, was indicted for the embezzlement of city money deposited with him by city collectors when the bank failed.

### Spanish Losses a Warship.

The Spanish cruiser *Burgos* was wrecked at midnight Wednesday by coming in collision with the merchant steamer *Mortero* in the canal at the entrance of

### HONOR TO HEROES.

Monuments to Soldiers Dedicated at Chickamauga Park.

Nowhere and at no time has there been such feverizing between the blues and the gray as Wednesday on the battlefield of Chickamauga. At Brotherton's house, which marks the point where the Union center was broken, the First and Sixty-eighth Georgia Regiments, Confederate States of America, held a reunion. This was made the rallying point for all the Confederate veterans. Dinner was served for thousands, and Union veterans were made as welcome as Confederate veterans at the dedication of the Illinois monuments an ex-Confederate soldier spoke at the dedication of the Ohio, Michigan and Minnesota monuments there were hundreds of ex-Confederates in the throng. And so it was everywhere. All over the park parties composed of ex-Union and ex-Confederate veterans were hunting for relics or discussing the varying fortunes of the battle and the positions they respectively held at different times during it. It was a great day for the survivors of that famous field. It was a great day for the friends of the younger generation which can now realize what the valor that was so magnificently displayed, as it is to do by the monuments and tablets that have been erected. It was a great day for Chattanooga.

### THE BALL PLAYERS.

Standing of the Clubs in Their Race for the Pennant.

The following is the standing of the clubs in the National League:

	P.	W.	L.	cent.
Baltimore	122	80	42	.650
Cleveland	121	82	45	.648
Philadelphia	121	76	48	.643
Chicago	124	68	56	.548
Boston	124	68	56	.548
Brooklyn	124	67	57	.548
Pittsburg	125	68	59	.528
New York	123	64	59	.528
Cincinnati	120	60	49	.500
Washington	121	58	52	.492
St. Louis	122	57	53	.492
Louisville	124	33	61	.300

### WESTERN LEAGUE.

The following is the standing of the clubs in the Western League:

	P.	W.	L.	cent.
Indianapolis	122	70	43	.580
St. Paul	122	72	50	.580
Kansas City	125	72	53	.572
Minneapolis	124	65	59	.524
Milwaukee	126	59	68	.492
Detroit	124	57	67	.490
Terre Haute	123	54	60	.439
Grand Rapids	124	38	86	.300

### STARVED IN THE MINE.

Fortiful Tale of the Victims of an Australian Disaster.

Advices received by the Australian steamer *Mlowera* say that the bodies of the victims of the Eldora, Australia, mine disaster have been recovered, after two weeks' labor. The men were working in McCaiver's mine when the banking made to keep or the river gave way, filling the outlet of the mine with slush. They were impeded, and almost within the hearing of the rescuers were starved to death.

It took exactly fourteen days to reach the body of Chicago this season. It was deadly weather, but the list of dead and missing was not adequate idea of its effects. The steamer *Despatch*'s reports of child mortality will also be a factor.

Thursday numbers six. One of the pathological features of the continental weather report was a telegram announcing that two inches of snow fell at Calcutta, in the British North-West Territory. It was the first snowfall of the season, and ret small consolation to the baked citizens of this country, weary of paying tribute to a bandit atmospheric "low," that seems to hang continually over the uninhabited region around Montana, occasionally coming a little farther east, and sucking all the hot air of the tropics into its yawning maw, letting it sizzle and broil mankind as it rushes on its way.

### Is It the Entering Wedge?

News that strewed the blood of Cuban sympathizers was received Monday night in New York. It was to the effect that Mexico will recognize the insurgents as beligerents within a few days. Senor Gonzalez de Quesada, general secretary of the Cuban revolutionary party in America, arrived at the Mexican capital Saturday night. He went straight to the home of the Mexican minister of foreign affairs, and was received with him until after midnight. Senor de Quesada officially promised so many adventurous concessions to the western republic from the moment of the success of their cause that the ministerial agent, in his report in favor of the Cubans, made an unconditional promise that the Mexican Government would concede the longed-for belligerent rights as soon as possible. The expected Mexican recognition would be of greatest importance to the Cuban cause. It would mean that the Cuban revolution, any party in America could recruit as many men as it pleased in every part of Mexico, and could send as many expeditions as it desired from Mexican ports straight across the gulf to Cuba, without much fear of interference from Spanish gunboats. Then, too, it would give the Cubans the right to have vessels built and arms manufactured in Mexico. Best of all, the dispatch said, most of the other Spanish-American countries would follow Mexico's lead.

### Celebration at Perry.

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### SINKS IN COLLISION.

Edmund Goea to the Bottom Off the English Coast.

At 1 o'clock Thursday morning the Netherlands-American Steamship Company's steamer *Edmund*, from New York, bound for Amsterdam, collided with the steamship *Turkistan*, about fifty miles southeast of Start Point, Eng. The collision occurred in a dense fog. The captain, crew and passengers of the *Edmund* took to the boats immediately, and within two hours the *Edmund* went to the bottom. The boats were taken in tow by the trawler *Vulture*, of Brixham, and the *Vulture* and boats were then towed into Plymouth by the steamer *Beresford*. None of the passengers or crew was injured.

### FRANK MEYERS.

Frank Meyers, an aged veteran of St. Joseph, received a pension of \$10 a month. The good news was too much for him, and he fell over dead.

### Find She Is Heir to a Fortune.

Miss Charles Jenkins, wife of the chief clerk of the Hollenbeck Hotel of Los Angeles, has discovered that she is a direct descendant of the late Lord Antim of Ireland, who left an estate of \$30,000.

### J. C. Wilson Is Dead.

J. C. Wilson, one of the receivers of the Atchison Road, died suddenly at the Flatland House, New York.

### MARKEET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.75 to \$4.00; hogs, shipping, \$2.00 to \$4.00; sheep, fair to choice, \$2.50 to \$4.00; No. 2 red, 60 to 61c; corn, No. 2, 33c to 34c; oats, No. 2, 19c to 20c; rye, No. 2, 37c to 39c; butter, choice creamery, 20c to 21c; eggs, fresh, 13c to 15c; potatoes, per bushel, 25c to 30c; broom corn, common per bushel, 25c to 30c; flour, 4c to 4c per pound.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$4.00; hogs, choice light, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, common to prime, \$2.00 to \$4.00; No. 2, 57c to 59c; oats, No. 1, 20c to 22c; rye, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2, 18c to 20c; butter, 20c to 22c; eggs, 13c to 15c; potatoes, per bushel, 25c to 30c; flour, 4c to 4c per pound.

Cincinnati—Cattle, \$3.50 to \$4.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.50 to \$4.00; No. 2, 4c to 6c; oats, No. 2, 18c to 20c; rye, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2, 18c to 20c; butter, 20c to 22c; eggs, 13c to 15c; potatoes, per bushel, 25c to 30c; flour, 4c to 4c per pound.

Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$4.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.00 to \$3.75; No. 2 red, 61c to 62c; corn, No. 2, 18c to 20c; rye, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2, 18c to 20c; butter, 20c to 22c; eggs, 13c to 15c; potatoes, per bushel, 25c to 30c; flour, 4c to 4c per pound.

St. Louis—Cattle, \$3.00 to \$4.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.50 to \$4.00; No. 2 red, 61c to 62c; corn, No. 2, 18c to 20c; rye, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2, 18c to 20c; butter, 20c to 22c; eggs, 13c to 15c; potatoes, per bushel, 25c to 30c; flour, 4c to 4c per pound.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 red, 65c to 66c; corn, No. 2, 20c to 21c; rye, No. 2, 42c to 44c; Buffalo—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$4.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.00 to \$3.75; No. 2 red, 62c to 64c; corn, No. 2, 18c to 20c; rye, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2, 18c to 20c; butter, 20c to 22c; eggs, 13c to 15c; potatoes, per bushel, 25c to 30c; flour, 4c to 4c per pound.

New York—Cattle, \$3.00 to \$4.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.50 to \$4.00; No. 2 red, 62c to 64c; corn, No. 2, 18c to 20c; rye, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2, 18c to 20c; butter, 20c to 22c; eggs, 13c to 15c; potatoes, per bushel, 25c to 30c; flour, 4c to 4c per pound.

South on Open Switch.

A dispatch from Homestead announces that Mrs. H. A. Morgan, Jr., of Aurora, N. Y., died there under unusual circumstances. A week before Mrs. Morgan was bitten on the lip by a fly. The Morgans belong to one of the oldest and richest families in Central New York.

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The best way for those managers who have formed a "theatrical trust" to make money is to stop abusing the theatrical trust of the public.

If Mr. Holmes is correct in his stories about "Hatch," we suspect that Mr. Hatch will get himself disliked one of these days if he keeps on.

The sea serpent no longer abounds himself in our midst—New York Commercial Advertiser. You must have eaten something which didn't agree with him.

The account of the havoc created by a long-horned Montana steer let loose in Chicago the other day will confirm the belief of the Bostonians that steers and wild buffalo run the streets of the Western metropolis.

The Marion, Ohio, Star speaks "as one having authority and not as the scribes" when it says, concerning the death of a prominent citizen: "Dying about 3 p. m., his spirit took its flight in good time to attend the evening service in heaven." Well, well, well!

Mrs. Booth says that if the Salvation army took hold of the new woman it would take her certain garments and give them to the sex to whom they belong. This will make Mrs. Booth solid with the husbands whose wives are constantly giving away their last summer's pantaloons.

A Brooklyn motorman whose car recently ran over and killed a man testified at the coroner's inquest that he had had but two hours' sleep in the preceding twenty-four, and was working under protest when the accident occurred. There should be no trouble in fixing the responsibility for this criminal negligence.

The latest discovery announced by the perniciously active bacteriologists is that even the hitherto unsuspected egg of the hen is frequently full of deadly microbes. The triumphs of science are so great that men refuse to beware of microbes, it having been demonstrated that no matter what is eaten a full meal of bacteria is assured.

St. Paul has yielded as gracefully as possible to the inevitable. The Globe, in acknowledging that Minnenapolis has 190,000 people while in St. Paul there are only 140,000, asserts that St. Paul isn't a particle chagrined, but rather looks with pride upon the growth of its former rival, for the interests of the two cities are "thoroughly identical." Behold, brethren, how pleasant it is to dwell together in unity, particularly when the other fellows have us under their bootheels.

It appears from the full text of the suffrage decision by the Supreme Court of Utah that women cannot vote for State officers nor be candidates for any office. The first reports of the decision were to the effect that they could not vote on the adoption of the constitution, but might vote for State officers and be candidates, the constitution having retroactive effect if it should be adopted. The full report says that they are entirely excluded from the suffrage and are ineligible for office.

Marshall P. Wilder is telling a story about "an Irishman I met on the other side." He was a teamster and walked into a telephone office and rang up central. The following one-sided conversation ensued: "Hello! This central? Give me the feed store. Hello, feed store! Send up a load of hay. Who for? Why, for the horse, of course." This pleasant little tale is testimony to the vigor and tenacity of Mr. Wilder's memory and also corrects the general impression that telephones had not come into use forty years ago.

Our red brother is remarkably inimitable. He has even adopted the white man's habit of going on strike. In Deer River, Minn., 150 Indians learned that their employer was making a large profit on the hay they were cutting for him at \$2.50 per ton. Thereupon they struck for \$4 per ton, and, in order to make the demand more impressive, held a war dance around the farmer, telling him that they were going to scalp and burn him. But he escaped, employed a gang of white laborers, and the Indians returned to their reservation. Up to date, however, they have written no tear-besprattered and poetry-decorated letters about Daniel in the lion's den and mother's knee, which shows that they have more sense than white men of their grade of intelligence.

Last March 200 cotton State negroes sailed from Savannah for Liberia. They departed for the land of their forefathers full of hope. It was assumed that others would follow them speedily for the purpose of escaping white oppression at the South and of regenerating Africa. When they paid for their transportation it was agreed by the emigration company that it would feed and care for them otherwise for three months after their arrival in Liberia, during which time it was supposed they would be able to get land and go to work. This promise was not kept. The company dumped the emigrants on the sea-coast and took no further interest in them. Half of them have died of fever. The American negro domiciled here for a century or more, and with more or less white blood in him, cannot resist the malarial fevers of Africa much better than the whites. Two of the survivors have made their way to England and are trying to get back to the United States. The remainder are starving in Liberia. The strong disinclination of the colored people of this country to leave it will be intensified when they learn of the fate of these emigrants, and it will be a hard job to get another shipload, no matter how glowing the promises of emigrant companies may be.

The proclamation of Li Hung Chang demanding the protection of missionaries and other foreigners in China is a civilized document, and, with the elimination of a few verbal peculiarities, might be issued in this country.

## FACTS FOR FARMERS.

### HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AGRICULTURISTS.

A Veterinarian's Practical Means of Preventing Tuberculosis—Arrangement for Tying Celery for the Market-Wagon for Hauling Corn Boulders

against these counterparts of the Chinese vegetarians—the "white caps." The so-called vegetarians compose a secret society which takes it upon itself to regulate matters without the formality of law. If a case deemed to be worthy of its attention does not present all the necessary essentials upon which to base a conviction the deficiency can be readily supplied by the statements of members of the society. As these statements are undisputed a reasonably good case can be made. The members then proceed to punish the convicted criminal. This is very much the method of the "white cap." It seems that the cause for the official recognition of missionaries in China is the fact that from among the 120 boys sent by China to this country to be educated in 1872 were selected about the only officers China had that could be depended upon in an emergency. The Viceroy has not been slow to recognize the fact that if civilized education results in making brave and loyal defenders of the country it may be a sensible idea to encourage the transplanting of such education into the country itself. As the mission schools are the only representatives of such education in China they are worth protecting against the Chinese white cap. At all events the mission schools of China are in future to enjoy the quasi-protection of the Government.

What is popularly known as the "bicycle craze" has been charged with all sorts of crimes and misdemeanors. Tobacco dealers declare it has caused a falling off in the consumption of cigars, liquor dealers are against it because a man filled with tanglefoot cannot pedal a wheel, and even the clothing dealers aver that the brisk trade in sweaters and knickerbockers is at the expense of a trade in stylish suits and fashionable neckwear that is more profitable. Indeed, the only dealers that appear to have profited by the wheeling craze are the dealers in chewing gum and arnica. The latest and loudest grievance, however, comes in the shape of a wall of distress from the piano manufacturers. It is claimed that, instead of acquiring the art of nimbly manipulating the ivories and pedals of the tuneful piano, the girl of the period is clinging with a tenacious grip to the handle-bar of a wheel and pedaling through the parks and boulevards. The neighborhoods where she was wont to fascinate the peaceful atmosphere with her Trillby carolings and thump the keyboard of the ancient instrument of torture with her trip-hammer touch now know her no more. She is sailing through the parks like the wind, and, if you are quick with the eye you may catch a glimpse of her as she shoots past you like a flash in red bloomers and quickly becomes a bright carmine spot against the distant horizon. We do not know just why she should give up the piano for the wheel. Surely there is just as much lung expansion and muscular development in the piano as in the wheel. Of course, the wheel has the advantage of taking her out doors in the fresh air, and yet a new air on a piano has been known to drive a great many people out of doors. But the girls seem determined to ride a wheel instead of a piano stool and we see no hope for the piano makers unless they will build a piano that can be attached to a bicycle and one that will play itself, for the bicycle girl is too tired to play a piano, and, besides, she is too busy.

In a Night.

The famine that decimated Ireland fifty years ago was caused by the blighting of the potatoes—then the staple food of the peasantry. The blight literally walked in darkness, though the sickness destroyed at noonday. Says Frances Power Cobbe in her "Life":

I happened to be able to recall precisely the day, almost the hour, when the blight fell on the potatoes and caused the great calamity. A party of us were driving to a 7 o'clock dinner. As we passed a remarkably fine field of potatoes in blossom, the scent came through the open windows of the carriage, and we remarked to each other how splendid was the crop.

Apples All the Year by Cold Storage.

Professor Craig, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Canada, takes a hopeful view of the matter of keeping apples in cold storage. It may be questionable whether Professor Craig is wholly right in his optimistic views, but here is what he says:

"Before long you will see a revolution in the apple trade. Winter apples will not be a necessity. Cold storage will solve the difficulty. Probably before two years are over you will see in every fruit-growing district cold-storage houses on the co-operative plan, based on the cold-storage buildings at the World's Fair. Fall apples put into cold storage where the temperature is 34 degrees may be kept an indefinite length of time. Thus, winter apples will not be necessary. When I was at the World's Fair in the middle of the hot season I saw in good condition Duchess of Oldenburg apples which had been ripened early the previous summer and kept in cold storage. While in Montreal recently I noticed in the new cold storage building beautiful California pears."

Imported.

There is a story, perhaps forgotten by all but men who were students at a certain college years ago, of an enthusiastic professor of entomology not celebrated for his exercise of hospitality, who was so delighted at the arrival of an eminent使人 of insects that he invited him to bed and insects to his chamber. Next morning Dr. Macfay greeted his guest:

"And how did you sleep the night, Mester Beehemoth?"

"Not very well; strange bed, perhaps. But—"

"Ah!" quoth the doctor, eagerly, "ye were just bitten by something, eh?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, doctor, I was."

"Just think of that! Bitten war ye? Now, can you say that it was anything at all noteworthy that it be? Peculiar, eh?"

"Fleas, I think. But such devils for biting I never met in my life."

"I should think so indeed (with great glee). They're Sicilian fleas. I imported them myself!"

Signs in the Desert.

Signs in the desert, indicating the way to England and are trying to get back to the United States. The remainder are starving in Liberia. The strong disinclination of the colored people of this country to leave it will be intensified when they learn of the fate of these emigrants, and it will be a hard job to get another shipload, no matter how glowing the promises of emigrant companies may be.

Beet Sugar from California.

Most of the beet sugar made in this country is manufactured in California.

French scientists are reported to be farming by lightning. They found that electricity quickens germination and growth, so they set up poles armed at the top with copper spikes to draw electricity from the air. A wire conveys it to a network of galvanized iron wire four to six feet below the growing crops, and grapes are said to grow 50 per cent larger and contain more of what grapes are raised for.

One Acre in Hens.

It is a progressive farmer who can succeed in making one acre support a cow, and he is then perfectly satisfied with a profit of \$50 from her. If an acre of land can be made to yield any kind of crop that will pay a profit of \$50, the success attending such a venture will be considered worthy of notice. Profit means, of course, all that portion of the gross receipts which remains after the full expenses are paid, and a profit of \$50 an acre is very large. It is easy to figure (on paper) the possibilities of an acre of land, but

Grapes and Electricity.

Two neatly trimmed stalks laid crosswise. Two neatly trimmed stalks laid crosswise. In tightly between the blocks, two more squeezed in on those and two more on top, making six heads in the bunch. All are then tied tightly with the strings.

A Strawberry Hoe.

Take a common hoe, and cut off a section of the blade in a line from one corner back to the shank, says the Florida Farmer. It leaves an acute angle of steel at the corner, that will go in between the plants and mellow up the soil, or yank out a little weed. The hoe is just as good as ever, and has a sharp corner like a trowel, to get in where a common hoe could not.

CELERY BUNCHER.

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# The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR  
THURSDAY, SEPT 26, 1895.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Pure Lard at Claggett's.

Nice sweet Honey at Claggett's.

Shoes for everybody at Claggett's.

Tuesday morning brought a sharp frost.

Call and see the bargains of Bates, Marsh & Co.

W. O. Braden and wife were in Detroit several days last week.

Go to Claggett's for Dry Goods. New goods and low prices.

David Flagg had the misfortune to dislocate a shoulder, Tuesday.

For fresh Apples, Bananas and Oranges, go to C. Wight's restaurant.

BORN—Monday Sept 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sorenson, a son.

For Harness or quick repairs, go to M. F. Merrill's Harness shop.

T. A. Carney is building an addition to his residence.

For California fruit, of all kinds, go to C. Wight's restaurant.

Miss Lulu Barlow of Shiloh, Mo. is the guest of Mrs. O. Palmer.

Best line of corsets in the city at Claggett's.

BORN—To Rev. and Mrs. W. E. McLeod, Friday, Sept. 20th, a son.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma. The latest styles in Men's Hats, at 60 cents and upwards, at Claggett's.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jerome returned from their eastern trip last Thursday.

Buttermilk Toilet Soap. Four pieces for 25 cents, at S. H. & Co's.

Fred Rose has moved into town for the winter, or at least until his health is restored.

Go to Fournier's for Tablets, Slates, Pens, Pencils, School Bags, etc.

For Rent—The Photograph Gallery formerly occupied by Geo. Bonnell. Address Andrew Marsh, Grayling.

French and German taught by Rev. A. Henritzy.

E. T. Waldron was in town Monday, and yet talks about his many moth field of corn.

Go to Fournier's Drug Store for School Books.

For SALE—A No 1 cow, gentle, easy milker. Price \$18.00. Address Howe, Box 198.

10 Bars of Soap for 25 Cents, at the store of S. H. & Co.

G. L. Alexander and J. K. Wright were in attendance at the circuit court in Roscommon this week.

Don't wear an old Hat when you can buy a new one for 50 cents at Claggett's.

Henry Deyarmond, of Oscoda Co. made final proof on his homestead claim, before the Register and Receiver, last Tuesday.

Say Pat, where did you get so much Soap? Down at Claggett's. He gave me fifteen bars for a quarter, and I took it.

Go to the restaurant of C. Wight where you will find a nice selection of Fresh Candies, Oranges, Bananas, Malaga Grapes, Bulk Oysters, etc.

Good Feed Hay, \$18.00 per ton, at the store of S. H. & Co.

J. Wilson Stanley came up from Detroit last Saturday, to spend a week of his vacation under the home roof.

For fresh Crackers, Cookies, bread and Confectionery, go to C. Wight's restaurant. He has just received a large assortment.

Something new: Cork sole shoes for ladies at Claggett's. Call and see them.

We are still using the best Flour on earth. Pillsbury's best, for Bread, at Claggett's.

25 cent Coffee at the Pioneer Store of S. H. & Co.

L. N. Chamberlin, and wife, returned from their vacation trip last Sunday, and report a very enjoyable time.

Claggett sells a good Tea for 25cts. Five pounds for \$1.

Ex-Supervisor Benedict of Beaver Creek was in town Tuesday. He has just finished haying on the Muskegon.

For thirty days Claggett will sell nine bars laundry soap for twenty five cents. Get your supply for winter.

H. H. Bay has gone to Chicago to take a complete course in a business college in that city. He will be missed by our young people.

25, 35 and 40 cent Mocha and Java Coffee, at S. H. & Co's.

When you want a large loaf of home made bread, go to McGlains'.

Claggett's Tea can't be beat, Three pounds for \$1.00. Try it.

The high winds Sunday night shook the tower to the base house, so that the fire bell was rung several times, startling the citizens.

What beautiful enlarged Grayson Pictures, at the store of S. H. & Co's, and they cost nothing.

H. Feldhauser of Blaine, had the roof of his barn nearly replaced, when Sunday night storm came and laid it off again.

Try Claggett's New Moon natural leaf Tea. The best 50 cent tea in the city.

The change in temperature, from 2 o'clock to 4, Monday morning, was 40 degrees, and gave one serious thought of the approaching winter.

Slippers, small sizes, at 75 cts per pair, at S. H. & Co's. A great bargain.

A. W. Canfield has returned from his trip to the wild and wooly west, and looks as though he had enjoyed every hour of his time.

Choice Fruit, Confectionery, and fresh Oysters, at McGlains'.

A. E. Newman has returned from a trip in the upper peninsula, and gives the readers of the AVALANCHE a pleasant sketch thereof.

Fournier serves delicious ice cream Soda.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church will give a chicken-peasant social at the church parlor, Oct 10th. Supper from five to eight.

50 dozen of beautiful White Towels, just placed on sale, at S. H. & Co's, for only 10 cents each. Come and get what you want as they won't last long at that price.

A competent blacksmith and wood-worker is in want of a job for the winter. Is not afraid of work, and well acquainted with what is required in camp. Enquire at the AVALANCHE office.

Home made Bread, always fresh, at McGlains'.

For Sale—A good portable saw mill and engine and boiler. Capacity 10-12 M per day of hardwood. Will sell cheap. Address E. A. Stimson, St Charles, Mich. Sept 19-4t.

F. F. Hoell has a new house completed on his farm in Blaine, and on Saturday evening about forty of his friends assembled to assist in warming it up. Report says they were entirely successful, and the party as pleasant as could be desired.

At the reunion of the 7th, Indiana cavalry, at Indianapolis, last week, J. O. Hanson, who has been Secretary and treasurer for the past year, was elected president, by acclamation.

He has always had a warm place in the affections of his comrades in that command.

The two prisoners who escaped from the Hartor Springs jail, with our late "Devil" Kibbee, alias Porter, have both been captured in Indiana, and are now in their old quarters.

James Duffy got drunk, and Justice McElroy thought he ought to pay the cost of his arrest and prosecution, or stay six days in jail. He thought he would take the rest.

Peter Lovley said McGuire Dupree thumped him on the head, and entered a complaint for assault and battery, but on the trial the jury said not guilty. Dupree plead his own case.

DIED—At her home, at Long Lake Grove, Traverse Co., Mich., Sept. 12, 1895, Mrs. Mary Ann Wyckoff, aged 72 years, 10 months and 13 days, wife of Elias Wyckoff. Burial services at the home, by J. Hodgens, of Friends Church, of which she was a member. Interment at Oakwood cemetery, Traverse City. The deceased was well known in Crawford county, having been a resident of Cheney for many years.

The storm of last week blew down the barn of Wayne Smith, in Beaver Creek, and on Saturday his neighbors assembled and reerected it, and put his hay in the new structure. That is the kind of people that live in this country.

Yours truly

A Trip to the Huron Mountains.

W. B. FLYNN, Dentist,  
WEST BRANCH, MICH.

WILL make regular trips to Grayling the 10th of each month, remaining for three days. Office with Dr. Teter.

J. F. Wilcox is nursing a first class felon on his right hand.

A. C. Babbitt orders the address of the AVALANCHE changed from Vanderbilt to Sault St Marie, which would indicate a change of base on his part.

Rev. W. H. James, a former resident here, has returned from Ohio to Michigan, and is now located at Dundee.

The M. C. pay car was here Tuesday, making glad hearts.

Mrs. Lou E. Williams is taking her vacation in the south part of the state.

M. A. Bates returned from New York, Monday.

It cost Norman McClain \$3.20, for being drunk Tuesday night, and being taken to jail in a cart.

Holloway Buck, of Maple Forest, was in town yesterday. Like the rest of our farmers he is putting in a large area of grain this fall.

Miss Williams place in the telegraph office is filled during her absence by Miss Clara Butterfield of St. Charles. She ought to be at home in the office, for it has been a familiar place during her life, as her father has been agent and operator at St. Charles longer than she can remember.

Does your house need painting? If so, use Boydell Bros' prepared paints. They are the best and cheapest paints in the market. Every gallon guaranteed. For Sale at

FOURNIER'S DRUGSTORE.

Last Saturday seemed like a gala day in Grayling, caused by the return of R. Hanson with his mother and Miss Maggie, from their three months trip to Denmark. The mills were shut down by request of the operatives, and all hands and nearly everybody else were at the depot when the train arrived. Such hearty cheers could only come from responsive hearts, and warmer greeting was never given. It must have been most gratifying to Mr. Hanson to receive such a welcome from his employees at a time like the present, when there is so much dissatisfaction between labor and capital in many places. It proves, most conclusively that his business methods are appreciated, and that he is personally held in high esteem. The AVALANCHE joins in the welcome, and wishes him years of prosperity and happiness.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Grayling for the week ending Sept. 21, '95. Clinton Geo. Manfolk, Charley, Jarrit, Mrs. B. Smith, Daniel, Lambet, John, White, Andrew.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say Advertised.

W. O. BRADEN, P. M.

Wood Wanted.

Sealed bids will be received for the furnishing of 75 cords of green Tamarac wood, three feet long, for School District No. 1, at Grayling. All wood over four inches in diameter to be split, and to be properly piled in the school yard, where designated by the janitor, on or before March 1st, 1896. Bids will be opened Sept. 30, 1895. The right to reject any or all bids reserved.

A. TAYLOR, Director.

Worth Knowing. Many thousand people have found a friend in Bacon's Celery King.

If you have never used this great specific for the prevailing maladies of the age, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Costiveness, Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness and all diseases arising from derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys, we would be glad to give you a package of this great nerve tonic free of charge. L. Fournier.

How to Cure a Cold.

Simply take Otto's Cure. We know it's astonishing cures and that it will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy.

If you have Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption or any disease of the throat or lungs, a few doses of this great guaranteed remedy will surprise you.

If you wish to try call at our store, and we will be pleased to furnish you a bottle free of cost, and that will prove our assertion. L. Fournier.

Property for Sale.

The following described property, in the village of Grayling, is offered for sale for less than value: A lot 30 x 80 feet in the central part of lots 11 and 12, block 15, original plat, covered by the fine stone building occupied by S. S. Claggett. The dwelling house and lot 5, block 8; also the dwelling and lot 10, block 15; and the dwelling and lot 11, block 15, all of the original plat of the village of Grayling. This property is all in first class condition, very desirable, and title perfect. Liberal terms will be made to purchasers. Inquire of S. H. & CO.

Sept 6 S. H. & CO.

## MUSTER DAYS OF OLD.

### FESTIVAL IN WHICH OUR GRANDFATHERS DELIGHTED.

Million Laws of the States—WHAT A MILITIAMAN WAS REQUIRED TO HAVE ON MUSTER DAY—THE AMERICANA OF THE OCCASION.

#### SOURCE OF MIRTH.

There are many elderly men still living in this country who remember the "muster days" of half a century ago, and what events they were in the course of



COMPANY DRILL.

the year to those country districts whose local happenings were few and consequently uneventful. All of course, all districts had militia laws, and though for the most part these were a dead letter on the statute books, there were from time to time efforts made to carry them out by assembling as many of the male population as could be induced to come on a stated day for the nominal purpose of drill. Theoretically every man of militia age was bound to come, but practically nobody came who did not feel it, and those who did drilled much as they pleased, which was not very much, the most of the day being spent in bartering, horse racing, or other ways familiar to the country folk of that day when they got together. In fact, in not a few parts of the country, particularly in the South, the spring and fall muster days were made semi-annual fêtes, in which the original purpose of the gatherings was quite lost sight of in the diversions they inspired.

According to the militia laws of most of the States, there were company musters at least twice a year, after which were held quarterly, while once a year there was a regimental or brigade muster, at some central town in the district, which was indeed a very grand occasion, and gave an opportunity to the regimental and brigade officers for the display of all their finery. These opportunities, however, golden as they were, did not occur often enough to fix themselves in the popular mind as did the company muster, and whenever muster day is mentioned in our earlier annals, unless otherwise specified, the company muster is understood to be meant.

Legally, every man was not only bound to be present, but was bound to come properly equipped for military duty, or, as one law specified, "with one gun and a sufficient number and bayonet, with two flints, one powder horn, a bag of bullets, one hatchet, with two days' provisions, one belt," and various other articles necessary to the equipment of a soldier. As a matter of fact, however, when the company actually assembled for drill, military equipments were conspicuous by their absence. If there were

more time left for the other business of the day, the captain generally kept this matter in mind, and, of course, the date was frequently of a profiting and nominal character.

The muster day could be at once distinguished from all other days by the most casual visitor to the district or village where the muster was to take place.

Early in the morning countrymen would begin to arrive, some on horseback some on foot, three out of five attended by one or more dogs, generally curs of very low

degree. As soon as the arrivals had put up their horses, by hitching them to a convenient bough in the grove that was always near the "training ground," they proceeded to "refresh" at the country store, and then joining their friends in the grove near by, began the discussion of topics of live interest, such as the condition of the growing crops, the state of local politics, the probabilities of national issues, and such other matters of moment as occurred to them at the time as worthy of consideration. The discussions were not without heat and fervor, and occasionally a difference of opinion took place among friends that could only be settled by an appeal to arms. In such cases a ring was formed, and the two combatants, according to the set fair plan, the difficulty was speedily adjusted by the use of nature's weapons. No prize was offered, save the consciousness of victory well earned, but this was enough, and when the battle was over, and one of the contestants had cried "Enough," there was no doubt in the mind of the bystanders as to which was the better man.

The rules of the prize ring were not in the least regarded in these amateur contests for victory. A little of everything was allowed. The fighters bit, kicked, scratched, gouged, pulled hair, struck anywhere they could, and if a short went into the contest, not for the purpose of observing a set of rules, but of winning a victory.

About such places there were always noted characters who appeared to better advantage at muster than anywhere else. Sixty years ago, in East Tennessee, there was a notable fighter named Joe Collins. Joe was always spelling for a fight, and rarely allowed a muster day to pass without

that there was no need for drilling, that any number of troops that might be necessary for the defense of the country could be raised in a month, no one could see any particular necessity for drilling in the sun, and so the muster day, with its legal provisions of bayonets and flints, haversacks and bags of bullets, quietly passed into oblivion, and finally almost into oblivion.

Didn't Like Mark Twain's Stories. About this time Mark Twain came to visit us, and he had a habit of making midday lunch his principal meal, so when 6 o'clock dinner came he would walk up and down the room, crossing it diagonally, and telling us the most amusing stories while we ate our dinner. He always put on low-heeled slippers for this promenade, and something about the singularity of the proceeding as a whole inspired Snap with distrust. He followed Mr. Clemens up and down, up and down, the room, occasionally sniffing at the low-heeled slippers; and when a louder burst of laughter than usual greeted some of the delightful stories, Snap would growl and try to worry the peripatetic foot-gear, until Mr. Clemens became conscious of him, and slowly turned a wondering consideration upon him.—St. Nicholas.

The Speed of Electricity. The speed of electricity under the most favorable conditions is now established to be 180,000 miles a second. What this enormous speed implies is somewhat dimly suggested by an illustration recently used by the eminent scientist Sir Robert Bell. Suppose that a row of telegraph posts 25,000 miles long were erected around the earth at the equator. Suppose that a wire were stretched upon these posts for this circuit of 25,000 miles, and that then another complete circuit was taken by the same wire around the same posts, and then another and yet another. In fact, let the wire be wound no fewer than seven times completely about this great globe. We should then find that an electric signal sent into the wire at one end would accomplish the circuit in one second of time.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The local politician was another character who made himself prominent at the musters. They were notable occasions for making roasts, and when the election was not distant, the candidates were always numerous. The qualifications for electing were somewhat different then, it is true, but the principle was the same. The candidate of those days was an adept in "shooting for beef," in pitching quoits and in various other amusements of that kind, and resorted to any of them to make himself popular, always, however, first and last, relying on his treating abilities to clinch whatever popularity he might be able to gain by other means. He might be canvassing for a

of the haversacks with provisions, there was not a trace, since most lived within easy reach of their own homes, and could easily go to carry their loads to the muster, only to carry them back again. Neither was any attempt made at uniform, save in the case of some revolutionaries, veterans or soldiers of 1812, who dressed in their old uniforms and glad of the chance to sport his uniform. As to the rest, each wore what he had, or what pleased him best, and next to the man his regimentals would stand a bold militiaman in his shirt sleeves and with but one suspender, while beyond him would be ranged men with and without coats, men with "beaver hats," with straw hats, with coonskin caps, the tail hanging down behind, with felt or "wool" hats, the brims slapping over their eyes.

But these things are incongruous only in the eyes of those who are looking for incongruities, and the militiamen of our early days were little accustomed to notice trifles like these. Not dandies themselves, they despised dandism. In others, and the man with a "boiled shirt," the

man with a pair of shining boots, or the man with high-fating gloves, would have been regarded much as a sensible, well-dressed man of the present day regards a dodo. They put on no airs themselves; they would tolerate no airs in others. They lived plainly, dressed plainly, and talked as plainly as they dressed and lived.

Each company elected its own officers, the most popular man in the crowd being the captain. Holding his office as the result of his popularity it was naturally expected that this officer would not be too hard on the men; that is to say, that he would drill them no longer than was absolutely necessary to comply with the law, and if he saw his way clear to dispense with everything but the roll-call, so much the better, for then there would be the



A SIDE ISSUE.

the colored folks, and well did they improve it. Dressed in their best, they flocked to the scene, and enjoyed the military maneuvers as much or even more than the sisters and other female relatives of the hardy veterans. But their enjoyment was not confined to looking at the soldiers. In the intervals of military evolutions, they danced to the music of a military fiddle, and no matter how great the heat of the sun or how profuse the perspiration that poured down their sable skins, they never allowed such trifles as heat or perspiration to interfere with their pleasure. Among their number, however, were always some who had an eye to business, and on every muster ground an old "mammy," with a little stand of gingercakes, apples, soda water or watermelons, was a familiar figure.

To the expert in military affairs the muster days were a source of boundless mirth, but for all that they had their uses. They were a means of uniting the people at a time when a military spirit was a necessity. A country boy, amid the clash of arms naturally turned towards the profession of arms, and the fact that we did not become a nation of soldiers was due to other causes. In the early days, Indian fighting was a matter of daily occurrence all along the frontier, and some show of military organization was an absolute necessity. While the Indian wars were on, in the districts most exposed to Indian raids, the militia masters were stern realities, but as adventurous men gradually pushed the frontier further on to the West, the districts left behind found the militia drill a superfluous; little by little it was converted

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## Peculiar

In combination, proportion, and process, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative powers unknown to any other preparation. This is why it has a record of cures unequalled in the history of medicine. It acts directly upon the blood, and by making it pure, rich and healthy it cures disease and gives good health.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. \$1; six for \$5.

**Hood's Pills** cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

### Ammonia and Nitrous Acid.

A French chemist claims to have proved that, on burning in air equal volumes of coal gas and of hydrogen, the same weights of nitrogen are converted into ammonia, and that, on burning equal volumes of coal gas and of hydrogen, the nitrogen transformed into nitrous acid will always have approximately the same weight; but on burning carbon monoxide, nearly two and one-half times more nitrogen is found in the state of nitrous acid than in the former case. In the burning of one kilogram of each of these gases, it is stated that the most nitrogen in the state of ammonia, and in the state of nitrous and nitric acids, is found in the combustion of hydrogen, only one-fourth of the quantity being found in the case of coal gas, and about one-twentieth in burning carbon monoxide. On burning wood, charcoal in air, whether merely dried or heated to redness, the quantity of nitrogen contained in the nitrous and nitric acid collected is said to be almost equal to that of the product, and there is not much difference in the result of burning an equal amount of coke. It is remarked that the formation of ammonia during the combustion of coke or charcoal is merely a result of the decomposition of these substances, and thus the weight of the ammonia formed varies according to the degree of heat.

**Disadvantage of a Nom de Plume.**  
This story is told in London of Anthony Hope, the now famous dædæloger and romancer. He had occasion recently to take in to dinner a lady who knew him only as plain Mr. Hawkins. The hostess afterward asked the good lady whether she had talked to Mr. Hawkins about "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The God in the Cat." "Certainly not," was the reply. "I don't think Mr. Hawkins the man to be interested in that class of book." It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Hope's full name is Anthony Hope Hawkins.

### HOW AN ADVERTISEMENT SAVED A WOMAN'S LIFE.

**ESPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS:**

"For four years I suffered from female troubles. I was so bad that I was compelled to have assistance from the bed to the chair. I tried all the doctors and the medicines that I thought would help me."

"One day, while looking over the paper, I saw the advertisement of your Vegetable Compound. I thought I would try it. I did so, and found

relief. I was in bed when I first began to take the Compound. After taking four tablets, I was able to be up and walk around, and now I am doing my housework. Many thanks to Mrs. Pinkham for her wonderful Compound. It saved my life!"—Mrs. HATTIE MADIAZ, 184 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

More evidence in favor of that never-failing female remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

**The Greatest Medical Discovery  
of the Age.**

### KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

**DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,**

Has discovered in one of our common pastures a remedy that cures every kind of Human, from the worst Scrofula down to common Pimplies.

He has tried it in over a hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is obtained when the right time is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bed-time. Sold by all Druggists.

### THE BEST TEST IS USE.

Below are a few condensed extracts from letters received:

"Used for my own babe, and can truly say that it is excellent for all the occasions it affords."

W. L. L. M. D. Napoleon, Md.

"I am feeding my baby by the 'Special Directions.' It is a charm."—Mrs. L. S. TURNER, Boston Highlands, Mass.

Another physician writes,

**After Trial of Ridge's Food:**

"It meets my most sanguine expectations. I expect to have it in private occasions often."

"It is a great, fat, strong, healthy boy. A great many of my friends are trying to induce me to change, but if my baby is well fed, that is enough."—Mrs. LENA G. VOSE, Lynn, Mass.

"I have used Ridge's Food the past six months, and I am well. I am not fat, but I am strong and healthy."—Miss DORA S. DAVIS, Rockford, Ill.

Send to **WOLWICH & CO.**, Palmer, Mass., for "Healthful Hints." SENT FREE.

### BLOW TO ANGER.

Average American Citizen Submits to Much Impatience.

W. W. Watson, of Chicago, waited six months before he complained about a peanut-vendor's whistle on one of the postoffice corners, though he suffered acutely in mind and body from the piercing shriek it emitted all day long. He lost sleep, worrying about it; it stung every fiber in his being; his ears rang with its sound after he had gone home at night; he dreamed of it; it destroyed his appetite and his temper, and undid him for business. But it was not until six months of this torture had passed that he thought of complaining. When he did complain the noise was stopped.

There you have the American citizen, all over. He will endure any annoyances rather than make a row about it. Fruit peddlars distract his rest in the early morning and awake him to a day of nervousness and ill-temper. He is interrupted in his progress down-town by an open bridge. His nostrils are filled and his skin blackened with the nasty smoke of noisy tugs. He stumbles along a narrow path in a sidewalk almost wholly covered with fruit baskets that have no right to be there. He picks his way through mud and filth at the crossings. People dig their elbows into his ribs and step on his toes in the elevator. He lunches in a room crowded to suffocation and nausea; he is served by insolent, careless, unclean waiters, with food dumped upon a thick and greasy plate; he orders coffee and gets a vile liquid that tastes like dishwater. It is imported by newsboys who cease from yelling only while they make change. He walks in the perilous street around the mortar-beds and heaps of brick and lumber that occupy the sidewalk in front of buildings, being torn down or put up, and he is scattered with mud from head to foot. He climbs upon a street car and hangs on to a strap or clinging to a rail is crushed in all sorts of people. He is enveloped in a tunnel by a broken cable and cheerfully walks the rest of the way. In the evening he listens to the strident cries of gamblers and hoodlums and to the nerve-wrecking noise of the strumming brass band and the portable hand organ, goes to bed to spend the whole night inhaling the sickening odor of Bridgeport and part of it hearing the wall of the switch engine and the bumping crash of the freight car—and never complains. It never occurs to him to complain. He will stand anything rather than complain, even though he knows complaint will end his suffering.

The American citizen is the good-natured man of the fables. He knows he has rights, but is too easy-going and complaisant to stand up for them. He has a horror of a "scene." He is afraid of disagreeable prominence. He prefers to slink alone, harried, insulted, browbeaten, with shattered nerves. It is easier.

But how much longer the city dweller would live, how much pleasanter his life would be, how much healthier he would find himself, if only he had a little more courage and a little more obstinacy. One-half the noises that make him miserable are totally unnecessary and could be stopped if he took a firm stand, and the other half would not be necessary if he set his ingenuity to work. But he will do neither. Is it any wonder neurosis grows common? Is it any wonder the race is degenerating?

### TRIBE OF WILD MEN FOUND.

Four curious specimens of humanity have been confined in Norridgewock jail, accused of sheep stealing, writes the Augusta, Me., correspondent of the New York Recorder. They were arrested in Brighton. They belong to a gang of about forty persons who have no homes, but who have lived within recently near the Canadian hills-like wild beasts in the summer and in little or no clothing, and their backs, which have been long exposed to the sun and weather, are covered with a growth of hair fully three inches long.

It is hard to make sense out of their conversation, although they have learned to swear so that they are understood.

One of the men, a giant in form, is an idiot. His sides are full of small holes, made by a broad in the end of a stick, when he has been yoked to an ox.

The day they were placed in jail they had a fight among themselves and tore all the clothing off each other's bodies. Police are after others of this tribe of wild men.

**Tall Men in One Family.**

There was a reunion of the Coleman family at Tionesta, Pa., one day last week. Harmon Coleman and his wife are the father and mother, and are of only ordinary stature. But their sons are extraordinarily big men. J. F. is 6 feet 5 inches; Henry, 6 feet 2 inches; William, 6 feet 8 inches; J. E., 6 feet 5 inches; S. W., 6 feet 3 inches; and Frank, the short one of the stalwart family, an exact 6 feet. These measurements were all taken in stocking feet. The total height of the whole sextet collectively is 37 feet 4 inches.

### On the Clergyman.

A clergyman of the Baptist persuasion, holding forth in a Texas town, recently commenced his sermon, thusly: "My dear friends, I was to talk to you about the infinite power of the Almighty. He created a mighty ocean—and he created a people. He created the solar system—and he created the world—and he created a grain of sand. My friends, he created me! and he created me—dally!"

The total amount of gold coined at our mints from 1703 to 1812 was \$1,532,000; of silver during the same period, there have been \$637,000,000; and of subsidiary coinage of all denominations, \$24,000,000.

The best remedy  
for all diseases  
of the blood.

The best record.  
Half a century  
of genuine cures.

### AGED RULER OF A GREAT EMPIRE.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary—Born in 1830, and Ascended the Throne Forty-seven Years Ago.



### OLD WAR MACHINES

#### APPARATUS USED BY WARRIORS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Quaint and Rude Instruments of War—  
Besieging Towns with Rams, Catapults and Ballistæ—How the Rude  
Machines Were Used.

#### Employed in the Past.

For some years past such skill and  
dearly ingenuity has been displayed in



#### RAILS TAPE.

Which were used for hurling great masses of  
rock against fortifications.

The invention of war engines and new  
explosives as to make the war in the  
future more terrible than it has ever  
been before. It is curious to consider,  
in light of these facts, the quaint and  
rude machines which have been em-  
ployed for military purposes in the  
past. War as waged by the Romans  
was something very different and very  
much more interesting as a trial of  
skill than it is nowadays, and it must  
have been very much more exciting.

There was a chance for life and a  
chance for the display of personal  
prosperity which the soldier of this era  
scarcely knows.

It was at the sieges of towns that the  
greatest military skill was displayed by  
the ancient warrior. The town was sur-  
rounded by a lofty wall, which, in turn,  
was rendered doubly secure by a deep  
trench. So long as the wall could be  
kept intact, or rather so long as the  
enemy could be kept out of the city,  
the besieged felt safe. In consequence  
of this the siege was really a series of attacks  
by the enemy and of defensive war-  
fare on the part of those in the town,

against the city walls, and they were in  
this way undermined. But in almost  
all cases capitulation was only a ques-  
tion of time and was sure to result soon  
or later.

#### HOW ESQUIMAUX COUNT.

The Esquimaux count their fingers—  
one, two, three, four, five. Above five  
and up to ten they use the second hand;  
thus, six is "the first finger of the  
other hand." Above ten, they employ  
the toes. Thirteen, for instance, is  
"three toes upon the one foot," and  
eighteen "three toes on the second  
foot." Twenty they describe as a  
"whole man." They seldom go farther  
than this, but they can do so if necessary.

For example, they express twenty-  
two by saying, "two on the second  
man," thirty-seven by "two toes on  
the second man's foot," forty is "the  
whole of a second man." According to Dr.  
Nansen they cannot, or at least do not,  
count beyond 100, which is "the whole  
of the fifth man."

The ordinary arms, spears, daggers and  
swords, were, of course, wholly inade-  
quate when it came to attacking stone  
walls and hence there were invented a  
number of engines to aid in the conflict.

#### BATTERING RAM.

The first step in a siege was for the  
enemy to fill up the trench. This was  
done with earth and rubbish. Then ef-  
forts were made to destroy the lower  
part of the walls and form a breach.

A girl can have more fun dreaming  
of an impossibility than a man has with  
the money in his pocket.

#### LET SOME MORE DAYLIGHT INTO IT.

It is a good idea to have a

small hole in the

bottom of the

### A SEA SONG.

▲ leaning deck and a straining sail!  
Ho, boys! ho!  
A bolling wave and a hissing rail;  
A flying breeze that does not fail;  
And a craft that can catch a dolphin's tail!  
Ho, boys! ho!

▲ a white-capped sea and the smell of the spray!  
Ho, boys! ho!  
With scudding clouds and a crisp day;  
And a fearless hand on the wheel to lay;  
A daring hand at the wheel, I say!  
Ho, boys! ho!

▲ a streaming deck and a slanting mast!  
Ho, boys! ho!  
With an eye to the course and all made fast;  
And the Wind-God blowing a singing blast;  
And the rocks that threaten a long way past!  
Ho, boys! ho!

The joiner life is a life at sea!  
Ho, boys! ho!  
With the wet well over the rail in the lee;  
And a perch on the uppermost rail for me;  
That is the life that is keen and free!  
Ho, boys! ho!

—Outing.

### RAYNER'S ROMANCE.

I made Martin Rayner's acquaintance during my last term at Oxford. He came up for commemoration to stay with a friend of mine at Balliol, and I met him at luncheon in the latter's room. A large party was assembled to do honor to the distinguished novelist. I believe most of us were disappointed in him. We expected to find his conversation as brilliant as his books. Every time he opened his lips we pricked our ears for something striking. And it did not come. He talked little, and that little by no means above the common level. Jones, the hero of our debating society, could have given him points. The general verdict was that, as a lion at luncheon, Martin Rayner had failed.

In the middle of July—a month or so after our last meeting at Oxford—I had a letter from Rayner asking me to spend a few weeks with him at his country cottage in Somersetshire. I gladly accepted the invitation. Rayner lived on the eastern side of that delightful country, near where it adjoins the Wiltshire border. It was a quaint little hamlet, five miles from a station and seven from a town. It lay in a hollow among wooded slopes and undulating pastures. Away down the valley eastward ran a nameless little river, showing on sunny days a silver patch here and there among the meadows, until it lost itself in the distant shadows under Salisbury plain.

It was just the spot for a poet, a very paradise for a dreamer. A sleepy stillness held possession everywhere; a silence that to me, a Londoner, was positively startling.

During my first few days with Rayner, I could not get rid of the impression that something had stopped in the earth's machinery. It made me feel "unkind," as they say down there. But, of course, I soon grew accustomed to it. And, besides, so much of an absorbing nature happened to me there as quite to withdraw my notice from external surroundings. However, I must not anticipate.

I arrived at Rayner's on a Saturday evening. The next morning broke fine and pleasant, and Rayner took me to the village church. This place of worship was a queer little building, more queer than pretty. The architecture was mixed. It represented nearly every order from early English to early Georgian. There were also repairs executed after a still more modern style. By what title to dignify the latter I do not know. I should imagine, however, that it had been especially invented by some enterprising local builder. The service was equally hybrid. Old fashioned and new, fangled.

I should have fallen fast asleep—but my attention was attracted to a rustic beauty in a neighboring pew. I am not generally at all susceptible to female charms, but the girl's face struck me at once. I have never seen another, in the least resembling the proper canons of beauty; but I cannot be sure. When you see a splendid sunset you do not stop to consider whether the details of the landscape which that crimson glory floods are in themselves artistic. I was conscious of two glorious eyes, of a sweet expression thereupon reflected, but of nothing else. It created rather an odd sensation. If you believe me, it raised something of a lump in my throat.

After service was over Rayner and I stood waiting outside the church door. It was his custom, he told me, to have the vicar and his family dine with him every Sunday, and they always walked back together.

"We are very intimate," said Rayner. "I am godfather to two of his children. They regard me as one of the family."

I heard this with some surprise. The obvious dullard of a person seemed hardly the sort of a man with whom Rayner should be intimate. But of course I did not express my surprise, merely asking of whom the vicar's family consisted.

"His wife, a daughter and three sons," Rayner told me. "But here they come. I must put you through the ceremony of introduction."

I looked toward the church porch. I scarcely noticed the others. My eyes were fixed on one face. So my rustic beauty was the vicar's daughter, and I was about to make her acquaintance. An unaccountable excitement came upon me and robed me of my usual self possession. I hope I did nothing idiotic.

I was sure now that she did not conform to the canons of orthodox beauty, either in face or figure. Her nose was of no recognized artistic shape. I imagine that her mouth was too wide by half an inch at the least. She had an appearance of lankiness (hateful, but indispensable word) which would have completely spoiled her for a sculptor's model. But her eyes and the expression of her face! This pen shall not venture to portray them. The soul that beamed through those bright windows, and saw an outside world on which truth and purity and gentle innocence were alone reflected, imparted itself to all her smiles and looks.

We had a pleasant luncheon. My chair was between the vicar's daughter and the vicar's wife. Politeness constrained me to address much of my conversation to the elder lady, in whom I soon became interested. She talked well, and in very pleasant voice. Her manner was gentle and refined. Her face was lined and care-worn, but there were still traces of beauty visible. I should say that many years ago she resembled what her daughter was now.

At 1:30 o'clock the vicar's curate, a fellow named Millington, was announced. He had charge of a district church some miles away, it is informed, and he generally came over to join Rayner's gathering in the afternoon. He differed greatly in appearance from his vicar for he was

scrupulously dressed and carefully groomed. I thought him a good-looking man in his way, but I did not admire the saindiness of aspect into which he had trained his face, nor his confidential deference of manner when he addressed the ladies. He was a gentleman, however, which always goes for something—and a pleasant enough fellow to talk to. I can imagine that he was quite a godsend to that benighted neighborhood, where gentlemen of any sort were rare, and cultured gentlemen almost unknown.

He took an early opportunity of coming over to Miss Darby's side. She seemed pleased to see him, and was soon in animated conversation with him. I thought her face less beautiful when animated. And there was a suitor ready to take Bee as soon as she would have him. He was a young fellow—a clergyman, with an assured position and a tolerable living. He had the ear of her parents, who, no doubt, believed that they were consulting her happiness in promoting the match. It ended as they wished. She married him.

Rayner paused a minute. A light was gleaming in his eyes which imparted to them an expression of sublime tenderness.

"Vivian, she was—she is still—my only love; but now in a different, in a higher sense. The old, fierce passion died long ago. From its ashes has risen another, sweeter sentiment: Why do you suppose I have buried myself in this distant corner? 'Twas she that drew me here, my lad. To guard, to cherish her has been my single aim for twenty years."

"I—I—do you mean?" I began.

"Yes," he interrupted me; "you have guessed it. After twenty years I love her more than ever, but it is with that tenderness which we feel toward the spirits of our dead. She is one of my dead, Vivian. She is the angel that hath reached me down her hand and lifted me from the slough of a desperado's life."

I could have struck the lad. His remark was in such atrocious taste. But I looked at the father and then excused the son. Even Winchester cannot obliterate innate vulgarity. Miss Darby was still particularly animated. I was sure now that when animated her face looked almost plain.

During the next fortnight I saw a good deal of the Darbys. One day we took them for a picnic; another we met them at a garden party; another we dropped in at the vicarage to tea, and so forth. On all these occasions I found myself a constant attendant at Miss Darby's side.

As she came to know me better she laid aside her shyness, and talked with less reserve. Without doubt she was a charming girl. When her face was lighted up in conversation it disclosed fresh beauties passed unnoticed from a distance. That is how I came to make my mistake about her face being less beautiful in animation. At close quarters the mistake is impossible. Certainly that youngest brother of hers was full of vulgarity under his educational veneer. I heard him whisper to a grinning friend that "Millington's nose was getting out of joint." I had, however, grown accustomed by this time to the urchin's lack of breeding, so it jarred upon me less than before.

Our last picnic was memorable. It took place at a spot called Heaven's Gate, which is one of the showy spots of that district I have only the faintest recollection of what Heaven's Gate is like. I dimly remember being called upon by the vicar to a superb view—some one else to guess the dimensions of certain mammoth trees which stood near the crown of the eminence. An antiquarian gentleman regaled me with the history of Longleat House from the time of its first construction. He pointed out to me in detail its architectural splendors, indicating them by pokes with his stick toward where that majestic pile lay in the hollow below. I nodded and looked intelligent. The good gentleman was satisfied; but I neither heard nor saw. My eyes and ears were already be spoken. It was useless for the vicar to descend to me upon the glorious effect of the sunlight upon these sylvan glades. I may well have been in sombre shadow. My sun had failed behind a cloud.

"I say," whispered Miss Darby's youngest brother, giving me a nudge, "ain't that beggar Millington boring Bee, just? He's quoting Tennyson to her by the yard. I overheard him. What Tommy-rot the chap did write to be sure!"

It occurred to me that I had been rather severe upon this lad. After all, his sun was the slang of all schoolboys. I suppose I must have talked the same jargon once myself. When one realizes that one has done a fellow creature an injustice, one's heart naturally reacts towards him. My heart reacted towards this urchin now.

We sat down to eat round a cloth spread upon the ground, all among the ants and beetles. A literary young lady with intense eyes fastened upon me, and endeavored to draw me into a discussion about the English poets. I talked to her at random. I said things which made her open her intense eyes. I believe I ended by asserting that I hated all the English poets—particularly Tennyson.

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "I am afraid you are a dreadful Goth, Mr. Vivian."

"Yes," I assented cheerfully; "I'm regular Vandul. It's constitutional, don't you know? A fellow can't help it. I'm not one of the intellectual sort, I'm sorry to say. Now Millington over there, who was awfully cultured, you know, and steeped in poetry to his finger tips. He can quote Tennyson by the yard."

"Oh, how delightful," she exclaimed. "Do you know Mr. Millington? Will you introduce him to me after luncheon?"

"With pleasure," I said cordially. I didn't forget. Immediately luncheon was over I buttonholed the curate.

"My dear fellow," I told him, "there is an awfully nice girl here who is dying to make your acquaintance. She has heard so much about you, don't you know, and your preaching, and all that. Nothing will satisfy her but an immediate introduction. Come along."

Millington was very wan. I knew my message flattered him. He left Miss Darby's side with some reluctance; but he had it. I introduced him to the intense eyes, which fastened upon him instantly. It was clear that he was booked for the present. Then I repaired to Miss Darby's side. The company was breaking up into twos and threes.

"Shall we?" I suggested to her, "take a short stroll through these beautiful woods?"

She assented. We roamed away together. I did not quite know what came over me. I wished to make myself pleasant, but I could hardly saw a word. She, too, was silent, and seemed embarrassed.

For my part, I seemed as awkward as a plover. This sort of thing could not last. Something did happen.

After awhile we returned to the summit of "Heaven's Gate." Certainly the view from the eminence was superb: Longleat House, in the hollow below, was architecturally splendid, and the effect of the sunlight upon these sylvan glades was very glorious.

"Now, then, Vivian, out with it," said Martin Rayner to me, as we sat over our pipes that evening.

"Cut with what?" I stammered, coldly.

"You know well enough. What were you saying to my little godchild all that long time this afternoon?"

"The truth is," I answered, hurriedly, "I couldn't help it, Rayner. I'm no match for her, I know, and I haven't a penny of fortune. I—I—suppose I ought not to have spoken. But I couldn't help it. I—I asked B—Miss Darby to marry me; and—and—she said, 'Yes!'"

Rayner did not speak. I looked up into his face, fearing that he was vexed. I need have felt no apprehension. His eyes were bright with tender kindness.

"No, no!" he said, in answer to my

look, "I give you joy. I can share your feelings. I, too, have had my little romance. When I was about your age I fell in love. Her name was Bee also. Like you, I had no fortune. Unlike you, I was afraid to speak. But I thought—I hoped—she knew that I loved her. Circumstances took me to another side of England. I did not return for three years. When I returned I found her married!"

There were traces of strong feeling on Rayner's face. It was clear that this event was still very real to him after twenty-five years.

"Things had happened in the interval of which I was not at the time aware. Her father had lost all his money. They were a large family of children. And there was a suitor ready to take Bee as soon as she would have him. He was a young fellow—a clergyman, with an assured position and a tolerable living. He had the ear of her parents, who, no doubt, believed that they were consulting her happiness in promoting the match. It ended as they wished. She married him."

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I didn't forget. Immediately luncheon was over I buttonholed the curate.

"My dear fellow," I told him, "there is an awfully nice girl here who is dying to make your acquaintance. She has heard so much about you, don't you know, and your preaching, and all that. Nothing will satisfy her but an immediate introduction. Come along."

Millington was very wan. I knew my message flattered him. He left Miss Darby's side with some reluctance; but he had it. I introduced him to the intense eyes, which fastened upon him instantly. It was clear that he was booked for the present. Then I repaired to Miss Darby's side. The company was breaking up into twos and threes.

"Shall we?" I suggested to her, "take a short stroll through these beautiful woods?"

She assented. We roamed away together. I did not quite know what came over me. I wished to make myself pleasant, but I could hardly saw a word. She, too, was silent, and seemed embarrassed.

For my part, I seemed as awkward as a plover. This sort of thing could not last. Something did happen.

After awhile we returned to the summit of "Heaven's Gate." Certainly the view from the eminence was superb: Longleat House, in the hollow below, was architecturally splendid, and the effect of the sunlight upon these sylvan glades was very glorious.

"Now, then, Vivian, out with it," said Martin Rayner to me, as we sat over our pipes that evening.

"Cut with what?" I stammered, coldly.

"You know well enough. What were you saying to my little godchild all that long time this afternoon?"

"The truth is," I answered, hurriedly, "I couldn't help it, Rayner. I'm no match for her, I know, and I haven't a penny of fortune. I—I—suppose I ought not to have spoken. But I couldn't help it. I—I asked B—Miss Darby to marry me; and—and—she said, 'Yes!'"

Rayner did not speak. I looked up into his face, fearing that he was vexed. I need have felt no apprehension. His eyes were bright with tender kindness.

"No, no!" he said, in answer to my

look, "I give you joy. I can share your feelings. I, too, have had my little romance. When I was about your age I fell in love. Her name was Bee also. Like you, I had no fortune. Unlike you, I was afraid to speak. But I thought—I hoped—she knew that I loved her. Circumstances took me to another side of England. I did not return for three years. When I returned I found her married!"

There were traces of strong feeling on Rayner's face. It was clear that this event was still very real to him after twenty-five years.

"Things had happened in the interval of which I was not at the time aware. Her father had lost all his money. They were a large family of children. And there was a suitor ready to take Bee as soon as she would have him. He was a young fellow—a clergyman, with an assured position and a tolerable living. He had the ear of her parents, who, no doubt, believed that they were consulting her happiness in promoting the match. It ended as they wished. She married him."

Rayner paused a minute. A light was gleaming in his eyes which imparted to them an expression of sublime tenderness.

"Vivian, she was—she is still—my only